

PICTURE SCOOP

NOVEMBER

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YOUR DOLLAR'S FUTURE

By HENRY
MORGENTHAU, JR.
Sec'y of the Treasury

BROADWAY NIGHT LIFE, 1942 STYLE!

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*This'll
Kill
You!*

By ED WYNN

"The Perfect Fool"

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By HERBERT AGAR ★ QUINCY HOWE ★ FRAZIER HUNT
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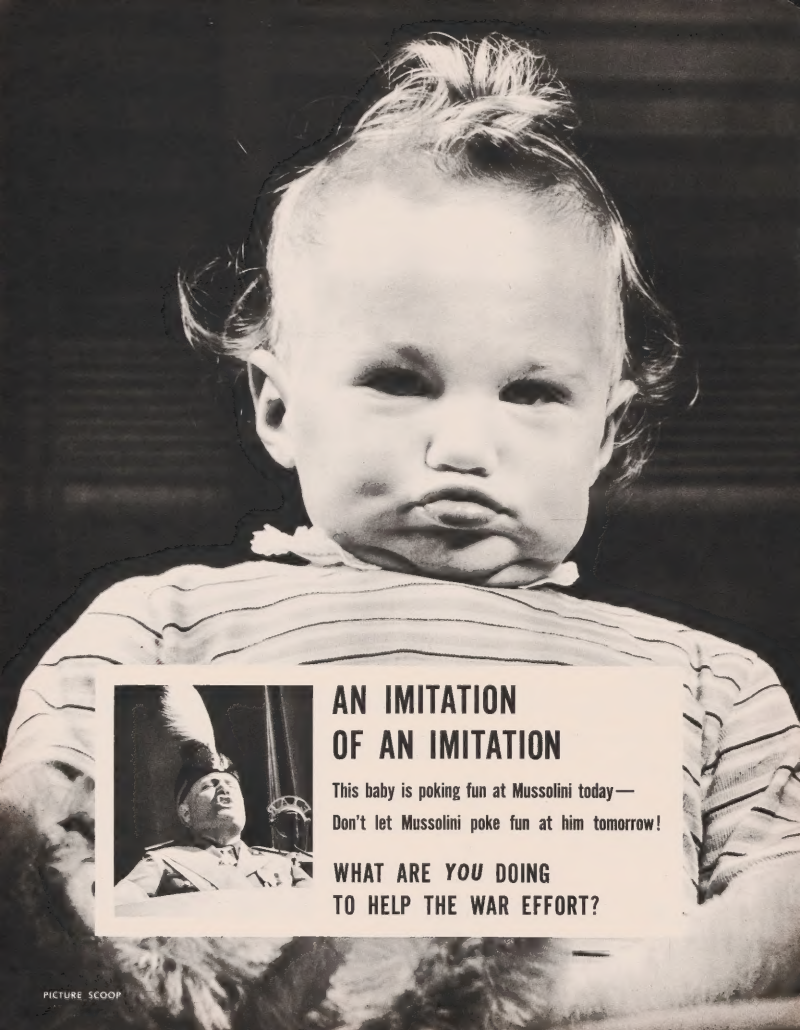
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AN IMITATION OF AN IMITATION

This baby is poking fun at Mussolini today—
Don't let Mussolini poke fun at him tomorrow!

**WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING
TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT?**



● A photographer who visits our office occasionally smiled impishly when he first saw the girl on this issue's cover. "Tactful people, aren't you?" he taunted. "Your first issue features a blond; now you're glorifying a brunette. I'm going to have all redheads boycott you, unless—"

He fled before we had time to explain that we're not as calculating as he thinks. Our November cover is a salute to Latin America, as personified by the beauty of Miss Zedra de Conda, the Miss Cuba of 1940. At present, the radiant brunette is a dancer at New York's Havana Madrid.

● Most people make the mistake of regarding Lewis E. Lawes, the former warden of Sing Sing prison, only as one of the world's leading penologists. We were also guilty of that misapprehension, until we visited him at his new home in Garrison, N. Y., last week.

We found Mr. Lawes to be an avid student of economics, and an encyclopedia of facts on European affairs. During the four hours we spent with him, he had a great deal to say about the Nazis, whom he had a chance to observe, first-hand, in 1935.

Before we left, our host promised us an article on Hitler "justified" for a forthcoming issue. We're sure it will be a shocker and an eye-opener.

● The newly issued Italian stamp, reproduced here, strikes us with a bitter sort of humor. Here's one way that the Italian people can lick Hitler and his satellite, Mussolini.



● A shy young man, of about 15 or so, slipped into Ed Wynn's dressing room the afternoon we were interviewing "The Perfect Fool."

While we were taking notes, the youngster sat nearby, scribbling on an enormous pad. Once or twice he smiled at one of the comedian's remarks, but otherwise he was unobtrusive as a summer breeze.

As we prepared to leave, however, he caught us by the elbow. "Pardon me," he said. "But could you please tell me when you're going to print this interview? I'm doing the same story for the — High School paper in Brooklyn, and I wouldn't want to scoop you."

We told him it would be quite all right to go ahead with his article. He thanked us and sprinted away.

● Gloria Callen confided to PICTURE SCOOP's photographer that she would like to be a radio commentator on women's affairs. Though our pictures show how beautiful she is, they can't tell you what a pleasant, well-trained speaking voice Gloria has. It's well have to take our word that it's exceptional

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PICTURE SCOOP

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CHORUS GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM AT THE HURRICANE IS NO LONGER A SANCTUM OF BEAUTY ALONE. OLD GLORY AND A SOLDIER HERO DOMINATE

BROADWAY NIGHT-LIFE—1942 STYLE!

*During World War I, Paris Was the Mecca for Men On Leave.
Today, New York Is the Entertainment Capital of the World*

1942—and only the moon shines bright on Broadway. Street lamps are masked. Tinted bulbs no longer blink and ripple on picture house marquees. Electric headlines have stopped racing around the Times building. Yet, despite the dimout, Broadway is booming. For the sparkling brilliance which has left the thoroughfare has moved indoors.

Nightly, people by the thousands pour into the concrete canyon. Gas-rationed New Yorkers, confined to subway and bus travel, mingle with the civilian tourists and service men strolling the "Great White Way." Those who can afford it flock to midtown theaters and clubs. The rest spend their dimes in amusement galleries or line up at refreshment stands.

Off darkened Times Square, the cafes and bars swarm with hungry, thirsty patrons. In 42nd Street arcades, nickels and pennies clink briskly into slots. In elaborate night clubs, ten-spots frisk out of fine-grained wallets into gleaming cash registers.

New York offers a full scale of enjoyment, from recreation to revelry. There's wine, women, and song—or beer, babes, and swing—as you will. Juke boxes blare out for jitterbugs; name bands play for the paying customers. Entertainment of all kinds is stepped up. In "dives," the dance routines have added daring. In theaters, sophisticated musicals deal less in nakedness, more in subtle leg-show. The gaudy is now gorgeous, the smart is swank, and the bawdy, bawdier—and more expensive.

This is the new Broadway that is amusing and amazing a people at war.

POISON THIS RAT! In a 42nd Street gallery, two non-coms playfully rehearse the roles that they'll soon perform in grim earnest.

PICTURE SCOOP



continued on next page



THIS IS THE ARMY! And the slim lovely in polka dots is Private Julie Oshins, lush leading "lady" of the bang-up revue put on by Uncle Sam, Irving Berlin, and our gifted fighting forces. Formerly a night club comic and performer on the "borscht circuit," the seductive Julie joined the Army and became a star overnight. All Broadway and Walter Winchell are ready to sip champagne from his slipper—quite a dose! The show is full of hairy cheesecake and "prop" bosoms. (Inset) The Revue's most stirring scene: Berlin and a soldier-chorus sing Berlin-authored songs of the last war.



REUBEN'S IS a hangout for "celebs" and gourmets. Owner Reuben, Luther Adler, Sam Jaffe, and others are amused by the comic songs of Zero Mostel.



AT THE STAGE DOOR CANTEN, theatrical folk take turns feeding and entertaining service men. Brock Pemberton (right) lines up elite busboys.



BETWEEN SHOWS at the Hurricane, these girls knit for the soldiers. Not for just any soldiers, but their own inducted beaux.



SWANK AND SILKY IS THE MARTINIQUE. ITS CHORUS GIRLS ARE REPORTED TO BE SHAKESPEARE DEVOTEES, BUT STICK TO SWING-DANCING FOR WEALTHY NIGHT CLUB PATRONS

Visitors from All Over the Blacked-Out World Blitz Broadway

DAY and night, the war leaves its mark on Broadway. Never before has our Babylon been filled with such patriotic fervor. Window displays scream their wares in red, white, and blue. On every other block, a little square booth sells Victory stamps and bonds. On every corner, volunteers rattle their collection cans for the U.S.O. and other war relief agencies.

The service men absorb, and are absorbed, into the Broadway scene. Those who have never visited the Big Town are impressed, but not awed by it. To a sailor, who can plot a sea-course from the stars, Manhattan bus lines offer no terrors. Marines from Arizona and Utah and Texas blaze trails from cafe to cafe, whistling cowboy songs as they go. British middies, New Zealand aviators, and Canadian fliers, on a short leave from peril, invade the town in force, sampling its attractions, adding to its color.

But before long, the fighting men begin to realize that Broadway, despite its stridency and glare, could be any town's Main Street—over-size.



SHORE POLICE, on regular nightly rounds, stalk through a 45th Street bar and grill. These sudden visitations remind gobs to anchor tongues, stay out of fights, and refrain from too many beers.



BOWLING ALLEYS do bumper business in wartime! Here, in the Strand Building, the Navy rolls against the Army, while the uniformed look on. In the next room are pool and billiard tables. Indoor sports are favorite pastimes for service men who lack dates.



PORTRAITS are "4 for 2 bits" in the Photomaton. But despite the machine-age touch, it's an old, old story. Soldier and sweetheart linger over their last date. Tomorrow he's off to the wars.



SHOOTING GALLERIES in the 42nd Street Penny Arcade are active. At 500 shots for a cent, civilians can test their aim, and soldiers and sailors can practice picking off Nazis and Japs.



RESTAURANT WINDOWS, where once the comely vegetables bloomed, are all-out for Victory. Gone are the tempting tomato and the peaceful mushroom. Now, in "Pete McGinnis'" display, the world revolves as Uncle Sam deftly beheads Hitler, Hirohito, and Musso.



WAR POSTERS pop up backstage at the Hurricane, where girls don "Liberty" costumes for a patriotic show.



DORIS DOWLING, of the Martinique, doesn't confine her war effort to morale-lifting. She, like her sister show-girls is now studying First Aid.

PICTURE SCOOP



GYPSY ROSE LEE—dressed to undress in *Star and Garter*—Broadway's super-booper, revealing, rump-rolling revue. Some months ago, Mayor LaGuardia and Commissioner Moss clamped down on New York's burlesque. Shows which had consisted of a little song, a little dance, a lot of leg and body, were closed up tight. The officials' intentions were doubtless high and fine. But the ban succeeded only in "protecting" the 50-cent customer. For a \$6.60 top, *Star and Garter* goes on risque and lavish, fleshy and titillating. It is the same old burlesque—but exclusively for the rich.

THIS FAMILY, like other patriotic American families, knows that the government spends \$150,000,000 a day to finance this war. To share the burden they invest 10 per cent of their income in war bonds. They are also making father's suit, mother's coat, and the children's shoes last longer.

YOUR DOLLAR'S FUTURE

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury

SINCE President Roosevelt outlined his national economic program, the American people have shown that they are ready to support the men at the front by effort and sacrifice at home. It has been immensely encouraging to us, in Washington, to see the voluntary co-operation of everyone—especially with respect to price-fixing, rationing, and saving. That voluntary cooperation will be more and more necessary in the months ahead. A great change in national economic habits cannot be accomplished merely by saying: "Pass a law" or "Write an Executive Order."

Essentially, the President's program calls for self-restraint—not just by a few of us, but by all of us; not just occasionally, but every day, as long as the war will last. If we spend our money extravagantly, carelessly, or even to satisfy what would have been our normal wants in normal times, we handicap our war production program. We take away from our fighting forces the supplies they need for Victory. At the same time, we create pressure on prices which will be a menace both to our war effort and to our economic future.

This means inflation. Inflation is not a threat remote from our daily lives. We are facing it now and must deal with it at once. If we are selfish or shortsighted in facing this issue, the consequences may haunt us and our children for years.

Every time you are about to spend your money, your conscience should ask you: "Do I really need what I am going to buy? Can't I do without it? Why not wait until after the war? Why not build up a nest egg for my family in the future?"

If you obey your conscience, you will put your money at your country's service now, and strengthen your nation's economy after the war.

In dead earnest, I say that any man or woman who chooses this time to go on a buying spree is committing an act of sabotage against our war effort. The patriotic and intelligent thing to do is to make old clothes last longer, to eat simpler meals, to patch up old household appliances, instead of buying new ones, and to cut down on personal spending. This not only strengthens our economy and combats inflation,

but it increases our war resources. In this battle on the home front, the wage-earners and consumers of America hold the key positions.

It is our job at the Treasury to finance this greatest and costliest of all wars, a war which is costing more than \$150,000,000 a day—more than a dollar a day for every man, woman, and child in the country. It is also our job to finance the war and to avoid, as far as possible, upward pressure on prices and interference with war production. To accomplish these purposes, we at the Treasury have two chief instruments at our disposal: the first is taxation, and the second is the sale of war bonds and other Government securities.

The administration recommended to Congress that new taxes should yield \$8,700,000,000 of additional revenue. That is a colossal sum; yet war expenditures alone are many times that amount, even now, and it seems to me that \$8,700,000,000 is the very least that we can afford to ask of the American people at this critical time.

We have proposed sharply increased taxes on corporations and on higher individual in-

comes. In the same way, we have urged Congress to abolish a number of special privileges by which a comparatively few wealthy taxpayers have been able in past years to escape their fair share of the burden. We have also recommended the taxation of millions of people with small incomes, citizens who have never had to pay direct taxes before. But we recommended this only as part of a program which would include taxing the higher incomes more heavily.

The willingness of the American people to help pay for the war has been clearly shown in the buying of war bonds and stamps. A goal of \$1,000,000,000 a month is necessary in order to carry out a vital part of the President's program. To reach this goal, everyone will have to cut down on personal spending and put an average of at least 10 per cent of current earnings in War Bonds. If we do this, we will raise about \$12,000,000,000 a year to pay for our Victory drive.

But meeting the \$1,000,000,000 per month goal means even more than that. It means that we are building the kind of future we want for ourselves and our children.

We can do a great deal to shape our future—now. Our present actions will determine the kind of world in which we shall eventually live. Whatever success we achieve by voluntary cooperation will help set its pattern.

I feel strongly that every war bond bought today will play an essential part in the building of a free and democratic world. Millions in this country are quietly establishing a reserve of spending power for themselves in the years after the war, and in that way they are fortifying themselves against unemployment and want.

There is nothing dramatic in saving your money, bit by bit, to buy war bonds. There are no medals for self-denial in this war, no matter how much courage or sacrifice it may involve. Yet the combined effort of 130,000,000 people can achieve the great drama of the People's Victory. We have a great opportunity, right now. And we are going to rise to that opportunity. In the words of the President of the United States, "We can, we will, we must!"



HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

PICTURE SCOOP'S Do's and Don't's For Preventing Inflation

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER WORLD WAR I

IN 1920, a 10-pound bag of sugar cost \$2.67; a dozen eggs, 92c; a 10-pound bag of flour, 88c; a pound of butter, 76c. These basic foods, as well as countless others, like bread, bacon, ham, and coffee, were twice as expensive as they had been in 1915, five years before. Shelter, fuel, and clothing had also doubled in cost; commodities like cotton goods had even tripled. Thus, a family with an income of \$1500 had to get along with what \$750 would normally buy.

When we were on the brink of disastrous inflation, in 1920, President Wilson took steps to prevent catastrophe, and for this reason, we did not experience the misery of less fortunate countries abroad. In certain European nations, housewives carried suitcases full of currency to market to purchase an egg or a handful of flour. The bare necessities of life were denied most people, and sickness, death, and want followed in the wake of this dreadful economic chaos.

Today, President Roosevelt and his administration are determined to avert such disaster. Price ceilings have been placed on a large number of commodities for a two-fold purpose: to keep greedy enterprisers from profiteering, and to insure a fair distribution of consumer goods among people in all income brackets.

DO INVEST IN WAR BONDS. You will do your share for Victory, build up a reserve for necessary post-war purchases, and prevent inflation.

BUY



PICTURE SCOOP



DON'T GO ON A SPENDING SPREE. If you do, prices will soar, the purchasing power of your dollar will decrease, and inflation may result.

THAT \$17,000,000,000 BUBBLE OF TROUBLE

WHEN merchandise becomes scarce, prices rise. Today, the production of many commodities, particularly those in the non-essential class, has been curtailed, and few are on the market. Yet, many Americans will have the funds with which to buy such luxuries, as well as essentials.

This year, our national income will set a record: \$117,000,000,000. When our taxes and savings are subtracted, \$86,000,000,000 will remain. At current prices, there is an estimated \$69,000,000,000 worth of goods available for purchase. This will leave \$17,000,000,000. Unless this sum is invested in war bonds, the prices on available goods will, in all likelihood, rise until they have absorbed the \$17,000,000,000. This will mean that your dollar will buy much less than it should—unless you invest a regular portion of your income in war bonds.

In this way, you will also create a reserve for the post-war years, when thousands of factories will cease making war materials and workers will return to the manufacture of much-needed commodities. But, this industrial conversion will be useless unless we need these commodities and have the money to acquire them.

By reducing your present purchases and buying war bonds, you will be able to obtain what you need when peace comes.

RANCH HOLIDAY



Home, home on the range, ° ♪ ♪ ♪
Starlet and young actor play;
There seldom is heard an unloving word—

THE situation: A sunny holiday, with the boy and the girl to make something of it. The place: California. The cast: Bill Edwards, actor, and Juanita Stark, starlet, both under contract to Warner Brothers.

On working days, Bill and Juanita are usually busy at the studio, polishing up their promising careers. So the idea was to get as far as possible from vocal exercises and make-up kits. Bill plugged for a date on the ranch. He used to be a rodeo rider, and wanted to show blond Juanita the fine old Western Yippee. She had been on a horse exactly twice in her life—both times on a merry-go-round.

Before the Western sun went down, the starlet had become a horsewoman and acquired a tan. She also developed a muscular stiffness that made standing preferable to sitting.



SHE MEETS HER FIRST HORSE AND SUGARS HIM UP



SHWHY WHY DOESN'T BILL GET BEHIND AND PUSH?

NO HORSES, NO REINS, NO PROGRESS, BUT IT GETS THEM IN PRACTICE FOR THE GASLESS DAYS AHEAD



WE WON'T LET YOU FALL, LADY. LET GO OF THE POMMEL!



FOOD AHEAD, HUNGRY COWBOYS SERENADE THE COOK



TO HORSE, TO HORSE, TO HORSEPLAY—WESTERN STYLE



JUANITA'S PIGGYBACK RIDE ENDS WITH TWO IN A LOOP



BILL SHOWS HOW, AND JUANITA GETS A NEW ANGLE



SHE WALKS THE LAST MILE, NOT MAD—BUT SORE



A RIDE on a non-trotting ox is absolutely restful. And cozy, too.

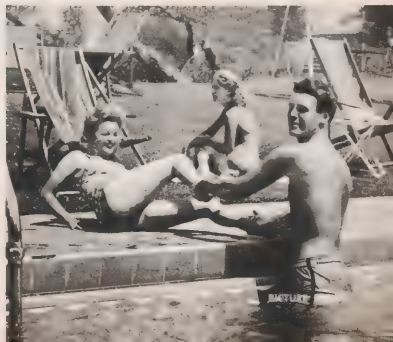
"GO AHEAD!" Juanita challenges the unfriendly goat (left). "You can't hurt me any more than I'm hurt already!" On horseback, the starlet took a real spanking, for her mount persisted in coming up just as she was going down—hard.



TARZAN AND HIS MATE are out on a limb—10 feet up. This is the high road to the pool—an ideal destination after a strenuous day.



JUANITA LIKES to loll in the sun; Bill prefers to swim. When words fail, he employs strong-arm tactics and drags her into the water.





"JUST RELAX. I WON'T LET YOU GO!" BILL TRIES TO TEACH AN EXPERT TO SWIM. WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHY SHE'S LAUGHING, JUANITA GETS MERCILESSLY DUCKED

BILL DOUBLES as lady's maid. After drenching his pretty playmate, he superintends the drying of her thoroughly soaked hair.

THE SUN'S rays are long and low, and there's a pause in the day's recreation. Juanita talks shop. Bill just listens—and looks





DICK IRWIN: "I saw many torpedoed seamen's bodies. We'll keep on from where those boys left off."



TOM FITZSIMMONS: "I was hit twice. I wish people on shore would be good sports and dim out."



"SHOWBOAT" QUINN: A colorful character who likes to wear costly silk shirts and straw hats when ashore.



"SOAPBOX" SMITH: Too modest to talk about himself. "Let's salute the brave British seamen."



JACK KITZEN: "If we didn't have any ships, I'd sail a bathtub of ammunition right to Murmansk."



CHIEF COOK MOSS: Torpedoed on January 3rd; picked up on the 9th; shipped out again on the 12th.



PAT PECK: "We'll carry guns. But it's a crime to bring bananas from South American ports."



"TEX" HENDERSON: A former cow puncher. "I won't go home till that Nazi outlaw is lassoed."

American merchant vessels are manned by seamen whose courage is folklore deep and whose hearts are on fire at the lines. Today, their heroism shines beacon-bright on the dark horizon. World War II has thus far claimed the lives of more than a thousand seamen—all members of the National Maritime Union. Before the present holocaust is over, hundreds more will probably have gone down to Davy Jones.

Many stories have already been told of the adventures, sacrifices, and exploits of our sea-faring heroes. But perhaps the most harrowing tale is the one related to us by Bill Cayes, who has been sailing tankers and passenger boats for 27 years.

One night, several months ago, Bill's tanker—based for England—was struck by a torpedo. As the ship became a roaring inferno, Bill and the rest of the crew took to the lifeboats, but the captain stayed aboard. Fighting wind and flames, he maneuvered the tanker single-handedly so that his men would not be burned by blazing oil and gasoline. For 30 minutes, the survivors rowed feverishly with bladders and bleeding hands to escape from the oil slick surrounding them. Then, suddenly, the submarine that had attacked the tanker rose to the surface and rained shells upon the lifeboat.

Miraculously, the craft did not capsize. The pain-tortured men kept pulling at their oars as if the devil were at their elbows, while the captain uttered his blessing, guided this story from them.

Five minutes later, the tanker rose into the water and began to sink. Flames, rising up the bridge, surrounded the heroic captain. Someone shouted a hoarse warning. Then a pistol shot cracked the air and the captain dipped out of sight.

Today, Bill Cayes, the handsome, smiling seaman, is back on the sea, ready to carry planes, tanks, and guns to Allied ports.

Why does Bill Cayes, and many like him, go on day after day to ship our time and life again? Why do the torpedoes sail, and heavy guns hold so fast for them?

They, our seamen, like all other Americans, wait to aid their country in time of peril. Here, they are on the ships, understand the dangers of Fascism, and, besides, perhaps, than any other group. They have not met, heard or heard of the despotic dictators. While in Germany, they were eyewitnesses to the barbarism engendered by Hitler and his scurvy satellites. They saw the Ghetto, the camps, the ghettos, the ghettos of people being driven into slavery.

In the ports of other countries, they saw the blood of Quilings and their attempts to escape.

That is why Americans, like all other Americans, go on day after day to ship our time and life again. They are on the ships, understand the dangers of Fascism, and, besides, perhaps, than any other group. They have not met, heard or heard of the despotic dictators. While in Germany, they were eyewitnesses to the barbarism engendered by Hitler and his scurvy satellites. They saw the Ghetto, the camps, the ghettos, the ghettos of people being driven into slavery.

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HEROES WITHOUT MEDALS

Fearless American Seamen Defy All Dangers of the Deep to Bring Supplies to Our Troops and Allies Across the Ocean



EARL WOLFE: Expert marksmen, whose shot sank a Nazi submarine. He has survived two torpedoes.



"SCOTTY" PEARSON: "My mother and dad were killed during Nazi raids over Scotland. I'll get even yet."

WASHED TO THE SCENE IN HOPES OF RESCUING THE SUBMARINE, SCOTTY PEARSON WAS



WEATHER-BEATEN, leather-skinned Walter Callahan, who has been shipping out for 35 years, is a veteran of two World Wars. He was torpedoed twice in 1917, and twice in 1942.

In April of this year, Callahan's leg was severely riddled by Nazi shells. Though this 58-year-old veteran still walks with a limp, he can be found every day at the National Maritime Union Hall, pleading to be shipped out on a merchantman, despite his wounds.

"Please don't print my picture or story," he said.

"Why?" we asked.

"I don't want my four kids to worry about me. I have four boys. One is a lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Air Force. One is a United States flyer. Another is a sergeant in a tank outfit, and the youngest is a private in a cavalry unit. . . . I don't want them to worry about me."

We finally convinced Callahan that nothing we would print could possibly alarm his family, and the man smiled warmly.

A moment later, Big Joe Curran approached us, looked at his buddy, then said: "Callahan will never get the medals his kids will. But we all take our hats off to a hero, a proud father, and a fighting Irish-American."

P.S. Just before going to press, we learned that one of Callahan's flying sons was shot down and killed by a Japanese plane near Alaska.

MEN WITH SALT ON THEIR TONGUES TELL TALES OF THE SEA

TOMMY FITZSIMMONS, only five feet, two, is the mildest little tough guy you've ever met. Though soft-spoken and cherub-faced, he is a leader of men.

Soon after Tommy's merchant vessel was torpedoed, he saw a rising submarine silhouetted against the moon. A black figure, armed with a sub-machine gun, climbed out of the hatch. Tommy and his 15 buddies ducked to the bottom of their lifeboat as the Nazi blasted away and killed one of the men.

For 10 days, the survivors drifted on heavy seas. During that time, Tommy spent many weary hours at the tiller. And when he wasn't steering, he would talk continuously to his cronies to bolster their spirits, or dole out crackers and teaspoons of milk.

"What were some of the things you talked and thought about?" we asked.

Tommy stared into space reflectively, then said: "Well . . . about food, and steaks smothered with onions. And apples, and ladies stockings that turned green . . . and green things. (Gee, I guess everything was green.) And about that bottle of vodka that I kept hidden under my seat for an emergency—and never used."

The boys, who gather at the Dutchman and the Ebro, New York's famed waterfront bars, still talk about Tommy's most heroic feat—not opening that bottle of vodka. They also laugh about Tommy's friend, the cook.

On the eighth day, a shark began trailing the boat—persistently, hungrily.

Finally, the cook picked up an oar and brought it down on the monster's back.

The men feared that the maddened fish would capsize the boat, but it didn't.

"Why the hell did you hit him?" the unnerved first mate asked later.

The cook replied: "Being torpedoed is bad enough, but I'll be damned if I'm going to be dessert for a shark."

JACK KITZEN won the admiration of his buddies for having fought 15 Nazis in Bremen, and licking them all single-handed. But Jack insists that Dick Irwin, his pal, deserves top fistic honors.

Says Jack: "Dick's a handsome guy, a former reporter and prizefighter. He was out at sea for five months on his last trip, and his ship got clipped. It was tough going. But the payoff came when he reached New York and found out that his best friend had been killed by a Nazi torpedo.

"Dick left the union hall right after, and we didn't hear from him for three days. We got worried, so we organized a searching party and made the rounds of the city. Where do you think we found Dick? Up in Yorkville—beating the hell out of every guy he knew was a Nazi sympathizer.

"Dick said he must have walloped about 300 of those rats and as soon as his hand is all right he'll ship out again."

Even before Pearl Harbor, many seamen, just returned from a Nazi port, would pay periodic visits to Yorkville, the center of Bund activities in New York. Inflamed by the brutalities they had witnessed in Germany, they would slug Fritz Kuhn's pals.

"Don't think we're the sort of guys that go around looking for a fight," continued Jack Kitzen. "We can be as calm and peaceful as the next guy. But anybody who took a look at Hitler's hell and then came back to the United States and found people who wanted that hell here . . . well, you just got to sock the hell out of them."

We asked Jack whether he had anything else to add. "Damn right," he replied. "They say they haven't got enough metal to build more ships for us guys to sail. Look at all the iron grill-work in New York that's just used for decoration. Why don't we rip down all that stuff and use it where we need it?"

WHEN *The City of New York* was torpedoed about 100 miles off Cape Hatteras, Robert M. Peck was reported missing. But 13 days after the disaster, "Pat" showed up in Lewes, Delaware, 30 pounds lighter and with a severe case of frost-bitten feet.

Pat, who looks like Jack Oakie, has a line that's as funny as the screen comic's.

That was a lucky break. For it was Pat's sense of humor that bolstered the spirits of 10 other survivors who were rescued with him. Said Peck:

"The sea was running about 20 feet high when the torpedo struck. Our ship did not go down without a fight. The Navy men on it stayed with their guns, and were able to fire 10 shots at the Nazi sub's periscope.

"My lifeboat started sailing West the following morning. James Parker, a utility man, was the first to die of exposure. Next to go were Miss H. M. Jacobs, a passenger, then Eingreber, the messman.

"Monday . . . Tuesday . . . Wednesday . . . Thursday . . . Jan Djoukanovitch, a passenger, and Lenhardt, a radio operator, died. We sighted a ship in the distance, but lost it.

"Friday, Saturday, and Sunday passed—each longer than the other. The three-year-old girl in the boat cried a great deal. Then, sometimes, the mother would cry and the little girl would beg her, 'Don't cry, mummy, don't cry.'

"The mother died. The poor kid began to cry harder. 'Please don't throw my mummy in the water,' she kept sobbing.

"That morning, the first mate sighted a two-motored Army bomber. Flying low, it signaled that help was coming.

"At 5:30 that afternoon, a Navy cutter rescued us. That was a helluva feeling as the ship pulled up beside us," Peck concluded. "But, damn it, I won't be that happy until I ship out again!"



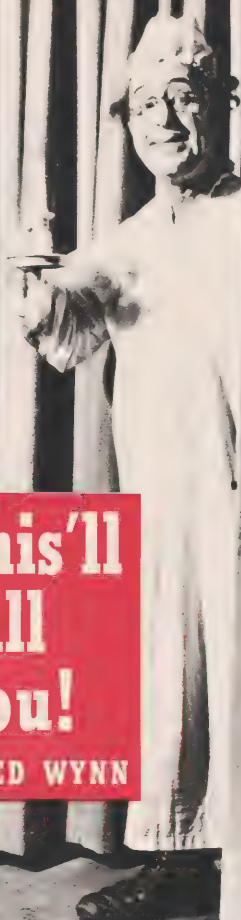
AFTER BEING AFLOAT for 12 days on a raft, Terrence Bradley and Joseph Dieltiers eagerly await the approach of a rescue plane. Both were members of a Panamanian vessel torpedoed on April 20th. They had no food but plenty of water, and were fished out of the sea on May 2nd. Bradley was taken to a hospital and recovered. But Dieltiers, weakened by deprivation, died—a victim of Nazi brutality.



SURVIVORS of the torpedoed American freighter *Lehigh* were photographed, while drifting in a lifeboat, by a shipmate who had a camera. Seated in the extreme rear, wearing an officer's cap, is Radioman Hakam, who had reboarded his ship after being ordered to leave her. He wanted to make a last attempt to repair the aerial and send out an S. O. S. His efforts, however, were fruitless.

This'll Kill You!

By ED WYNN



WHY WYNN'S A WINNER

THE "Perfect Fool" has been an American institution ever since he first saddled on stage in 'snoes five times too large, and a coat that billowed like a parachute.

Audiences lost no time in taking this lovable clown to their hearts. He, of the que- rulous, high-pitched voice, the indescribable lute, and the eyebrows that soar like angel wings, was an instant hit.

Unquestionably, Ed Wynn has mastered the most difficult form of humor. He directs every giggle, guffaw, and belly-laugh at himself. He is absurd, bewildered, embarrassed, confused. He is childishly happy or sad. He is all the laughable human feelings rolled into one fantastic person. He is, to the very core, a buffoon and a fool—but always a perfect one.

Like other artists who have added a chapter to the book of immortal clowns, Wynn is a humble, conscientious student of his art. "My particular brand of humor is like olives," he quips. "You must get used to it." Wynn avoids reality as much as possible. He worships the absurd, the imaginative. "My life-long ambition has been to play a character like Peter Pan—honestly," he says. "Reality has no place on the comedy stage. A comedian must help the people in the audience escape from themselves. That is why pure humor is the most perfect hypodermic you can put in a needle."

He ought to know; he has one of the largest humor libraries in the world. During his lifetime, Wynn has boiled some 10,000 jokes down to 100. From these he has selected his repertoire—quips that tickle, surprise, or amaze—but never offend.

The comic made a strict rule for himself 40 years ago, when he first started his career. He vowed to say nothing risqué, nothing dirty—nothing that would hurt any person or any group.

"I allow myself two damn's and one hell in a show," he remarks. "A comedian needs good taste even more than he needs talent."

Wynn is trying to make that a family credo. Last month, when his one-and-a-half-year-old grandson made his Hollywood debut, grandpa winked. "Keep it even, son!"

However, the funny man with the fluttery hands has no intention of resting on sonny's laurels. He will probably return to radio this year.

Meanwhile, Uncle Sam is keeping Wynn busy. The Perfect Fool plans a tour of the Army camps, a task at which he is no novice. Back in 1917, Wynn was the first man to entertain American soldiers. In 1942, he was again the first—this time at the invitation of the government.

When he speaks of this it is with great pride. His winged eyebrows swing solemnly northward, and his chin rises, as he says: "Entertaining the boys—that's my most important work now." —H.F.W.



MAKE-UP HELPS MAKE THE PERFECT FOOL



"Vaudeville is wonderful. If you don't like one act, there's a chance that you won't like the next one, either."

Ed Wynn, the King of Jesters, Claims That Good Gags Do Not An Artist Make, Nor Experience a Sage

"I love Little Orphan Annie—I'm fascinated by the idea that anyone can be nine years old as long as I am."

UMOR doesn't change. Take the oldest joke in the world, dress it up in new clothes, and you'll get a laugh—or maybe two of them.

For example, a modernized story that moves movie-goers into an uproar: this past season tickled the funny-bone of audiences I entertained in 1910.

I ran like this. A drinking man accosted a stranger on the street and asked him: "May I have \$50 for a glass of whiskey?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply. "Do you know what will happen to you if you continue this evil practice? Your stomach will shrivel, your brain will rot. You will—"

The drinking man could stand it no longer. Cold-eyed, he turned to the stranger and said: "Look here! My great-great grandfather drank two quarts of whiskey every day of his life. He lived to be 111 years old—and when he was dead three months we dug him up and I'm darned if he didn't look better than you do right now!"

You can't please all the people all of the time. But the elements of good humor are primarily the same. Create a situation in which a mythical character winds up making a fool of himself. That is probably why the people who saw *Laugh Town* laugh applauded this one.

Shortly after gas rationing, a very rich man, who owned three cars, stole out of his house one night and returned with 100 five-gallon cans of gasoline. He rang for his most trusted servant and ordered him to bury the gasoline in the garden.

The servant worked for two hours, then returned to the house, weary from his labors. "I buried the gasoline as you instructed, sir," he pointed to his master. "Now what shall I do with the cans?"

The trick in story-telling is to keep the audience guessing. The ending that is least expected is invariably the funniest. For instance, two

stories I particularly like contain the element of surprise.

An unapologetic chap, who had fooled the Army medical examiners into believing that he was 80 per cent blind, walked into a motion picture house one night. He took a seat in the rear balcony.

When the lights went up he noted that the eye doctor who had examined him at the induction center was seated next to him.

"Pardon me," said the reject to the M.D., "but would you kindly tell me if I'm on the right bus to Delaware?"

Another drafter laugh concerns a youth who traced into an Army camp one day and shouted to the officer in command: "I want to fight the Nazis. I want to rip them apart! Don't train me. Don't bother equipping me—just give me guns and bombs and send me to the most dangerous battlefield, right now... quick!"

The officer was impressed. "Your wish is granted," he said. "You will leave for the front early tomorrow morning."

The fellow paled. "Tell me the truth," he asked. "Don't you think I'm just a little bit crazy?"

Naturally, anyone can tell a joke. But a great comedian is more than a gag man. Besides his written material, his hands, his face, and his voice help make him an artist. If you can repeat a story that I tell and get just as many laughs as I get in the theater, then I'm just a story-teller, or an entertainer—but not a comedian.

Other stage folk feel the same way. One of them, a venerable star, had a deep hatred for imitators. One evening, he happened to visit a vaudeville theater where an actor gave an impression of him.

The audience liked it, and the vaudevillian, in a spirit of cockiness, sauntered to the footlights and asked the star: "Well, what do you think of that imitation I gave of you Mr. M.?"

The reply, which I shall never forget, came a second later. "All I know, sir, is that one of us is rotten."

continued on next page



"No one will disagree with me on this:
Any man can marry the woman he loves.
But can he love the woman he marries?"

One of Ed Wynn's Favorite Stories

ONE day, a poor shoelace vendor stood on the corner of a street in Iowa.

The town's banker passed him scornfully. But a few minutes later, his conscience started to bother him, and he returned to the vendor's stand.

"One pair of laces," he said.

"That will be five cents," replied the peddler.

The banker paid him five cents and went on his way. But later, he discovered that the vendor had given him two pairs of shoelaces instead of one.

"How shrewd of him," thought the banker.

"He's trying to make a new customer."

Impressed, he returned to the vendor.

"What's your name?" the banker asked.

"T. S. Stevenson."

"Not the T. S. Stevenson who deposited \$70,000 in my bank last week?"

"That's right, sir. I'm the man."

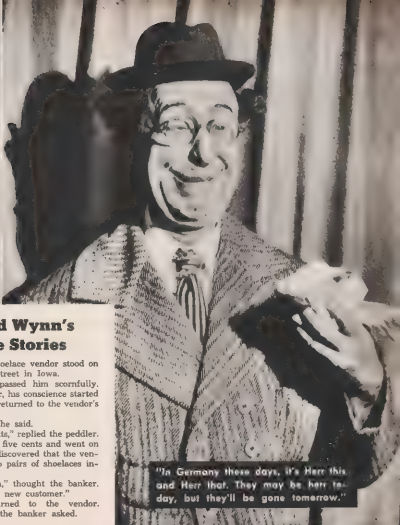
"Tell me—how did you do it?"

"It's very simple. Twenty years ago I started in this business with one dollar's worth of shoelaces. When I sold them, I bought two dollars' worth. And—"

"Say no more," said the banker. "You must speak before the Businessmen's Club. You are truly an amazing man!"

After dinner at the club, the next day, the banker introduced T. S. Stevenson in glowing terms, told of his brilliant career.

The shoelace vendor arose modestly, bowed, and said: "It is true. Exactly twenty years ago I started with one dollar's worth of shoelaces. When I sold them I bought two dollars' worth. Last week, my sister, who owned a chain of gambling houses, died and left me her fortune, and I deposited \$70,000 in this guy's bank!"



"In Germany these days, it's Herr this and Herr that. They may be herr today, but they'll be gone tomorrow."



"I CLAIM THAT THE BUN IS NOT THE LOWEST FORM OF WHEAT!"



"A NIGHTCLUB IS AN ASHTRAY WITH A BARTENDER BEHIND IT"

HOT WATER-BABY

Gloria Callen Has Twice Missed the Olympic Crown. But With or Without the Laurel, She Is A Sure-Fire Winner

By Stan Lomax, WOR Sports Commentator

RIGHT now, if it weren't for the War, we would be seeing headlines about the Olympic contests in Finland. And we'd be reading a good deal about Gloria Callen. Queen—in and out of water—of the 1942 Olympics.

This undoubtedly would have been Gloria's year—just as 1936 was Eleanor Holm's. Gloria is a winning swimmer, expert in speed and stroke, and lovely to see. At 19, she is groomed for the international races—which won't come off! She has everything which makes a champion—except a chance to prove it.

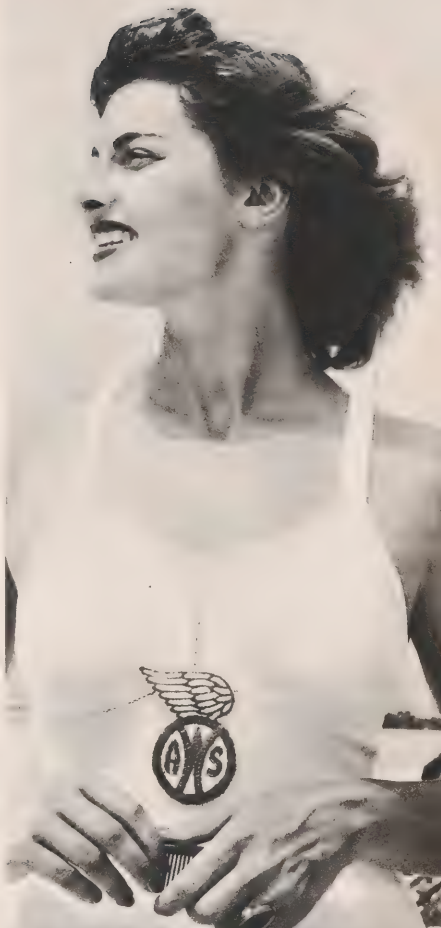
All her life, this water-baby has been blessed with the urge to swim, a pool to practice in, wise coaching—and parents who encouraged her ambitions. Yet, like most feminine stars, she is a "made athlete." Swimming was her job, and she worked hard at it. Not that Gloria lacks natural ability—she has it in abundance. But her excellence comes from years of rigorous training and effort.

It was tough luck that made Gloria miss the 1936 Olympics, too—and by less than half an hour! That year, elimination contests took place in San Francisco. No one there could challenge the Callen girl in the mile and half-mile, free style. But a trans-Pacific liner steamed into port, carrying Katherine Rawls Thompson, who arrived at the pool just before the starting gun sounded. Gloria placed second in both races. Had that boat been a few minutes late, the 13-year-old girl would have won the try-outs and competed at the Olympics, in 1936.

Since then she has won competitions all over the country. Show Gloria a pool, and she'll break a record in it. But only the Olympic crown establishes a world champion—with honor as an athlete and glamour as a woman.

Unfortunately, Schickelgruber has canceled good-will contests between nations. Gloria's life might be badly out of joint. But she shows versatility and fine sportsmanship in the face of disappointment.

She is busy with war work, in the uniform of the A.W.V.S. Just out of high school, Gloria plans to try modeling for a living. It is an occupation for which she is well equipped. At school she was prominent in dramatics—and Gloria eventually intends to study for the theater.



Gloria lives in Nyack, N. Y., where there's the Hudson and a fine practice pool. Her dog dislikes water, wants to keep her ashore.

RIPE FOR THE RACES! Gloria belongs to the American Swimming Association which graduated Eleanor Holm, Gertrude Ederle, and other winners.

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THE STAR IS POISED for the all-important push-off in a backstroke race. A powerful lunge forward cuts seconds from racing time, as do skillful turns between laps. Practice makes Gloria perfect. A likely contender for titles in free-style races, she would have been an Olympic winner in the backstroke, clicking off points for speed.



A CHAMPION in action. She glides through the water, smooth and straight, no bubbles, no splash. For speed swimming, Gloria uses the feather or flutter-kick. For a long race, the scissors-kick is less tiring, and sustains speed.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, GLORIA PASSED THE RED CROSS LIFE-SAVING TEST, WHICH INCLUDES HANDLING OF BOATS. SWIMMING WITH HER IS NOT ONLY PLEASANT, BUT SAFE

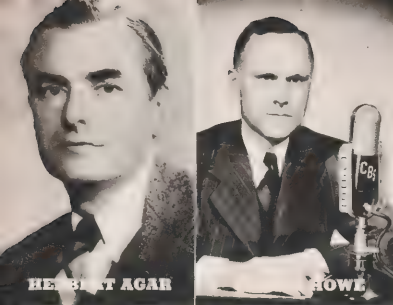




THE POWER and grace of Gloria's driving backstroke are uniquely her own. Most backstrokers bend the arm at the elbow while reaching for the next pull. Gloria keeps her arms straight throughout the whole circle. She claims—and performance substantiates the claim—that straight-arm technique is more natural and conserves strength. (Above) She shows the elbowish movement of most swimmers. (Below) She demonstrates her individual movement, direct and speedy. Arms always balance each other in the stroke.



FOR a beautiful champion, the Olympic laurel is as good as a screen test. Hitler permitting, Gloria would have taken both, as easily as she does a double jack-knife! (Above) She leaves lifesaver's perch.



HERBERT AGAR



HOWE



GEORGE PUTNAM



JOHANNES STEEL

REX STOUT

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH HITLER

Six Keen Analyses of Current Events Tell How They Would Dispose of the Beast of Berlin

HERBERT AGAR, fiery, eloquent president of Freedom House, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and author of *A Time for Greatness*, suggested this symposium. PICTURE SCOOP thought it was a fine idea, so we invited five others to offer opinions as to how we should dispose of Hitler after the war. They are: Quincy Howe, C.B.S. news commentator and editor-in-chief of *Simon and Schuster*; Frazier Hunt, C.B.S. news analyst; George Putnam, N.B.C. news reporter; Johannes Steel, W.M.C.A. news commentator; and Rex Stout, creator of *Nero Wolfe*, author of *Black Orchids*, and leading commentator of C.B.S.'s "Our Secret Weapon," a radio show exposing the lies of Nazi propagandists.

HERBERT AGAR

WHAT shall we do with Hitler, if we have the disposal of him when the war is over? He is likely to solve the problem for us, by suicide. But if he doesn't?

I suggest that we keep him as a warning, that we preserve him as long as possible, and let him write books.

The genius of Hitler is his knowledge of all the darkness and corruption in the human heart. His twisted mind understands every sin and every weakness of man. There are passages in *Mein Kampf* which show an insight of which the greatest of novelists might be proud.

The insight is never present except when Hitler is discussing man's wickedness. He knows nothing of man's goodness. Yet he has overthrown many countries and had murdered our world. Surely he should be used as a warning.

A man who understands only corruption would not have conquered a large part of our world if that world had been healthy and upright. He got his chance to work his ruin because we were living too much on the bad side of our nature—the side that Hitler understands.

A world where men made noble professions, but were content with ignoble deeds, was a world ripe for Hitler. A world increasingly selfish, increasingly greedy, increasingly callous, was a world Hitler could comprehend, a world in which he could rise to power by exploiting every malevolent feature of life. Since he knew only what was bad about man, he assumed that men were the most effective political weapon. And for a time he was right. He assumed that the nations would stand politically aside and let him murder his victims one by one. And for a time he was right. He assumed that he could turn his German people into pirates and his subject people into slaves. And for a time he was right.

Let us keep Hitler as a warning, and let us encourage him to write more books telling us how wicked we are capable of being. When we have built a

better world we shall still have the same old weaknesses in our hearts, the same old temptations to relax. Let's keep Hitler to remind us of the horrible things that happen when we do relax.

QUINCY HOWE

BEFORE you cook your flab, you first must catch him. What happens to Hitler after the war depends on who catches him—and how. The future of Germany, Europe, and the whole world would best be served if the German people themselves caught up with Hitler, and then proceeded to administer the punishment that they think he deserves.

Americans have not yet played such an important part in the struggle against Hitler to have any right to recommend punishment. We can only hope that the Germans can devise a punishment which would clear them of some of the hatred that the Nazi regime has engendered everywhere for all things German. But if the Russians, the British, the Poles, the Czechs, the French, or any other victims or enemies of Hitler, catch up with him, it would be for them to say what should be done.

Should the dirty business finally fall to America, I believe the best solution would be to dispatch Hitler as quickly, ruthlessly, and inconspicuously as one would rid the world of a rat, a leuse, or the germ of the bubonic plague.

FRAZIER HUNT

ON Christmas Day, 1922, Hitler came to my hotel room in Munich, and spent three hours talking to me. I thought so little of him at the time that I never even bothered to write a magazine story about the long interview. Twenty years later, millions of us are pounding our heads to figure out what in the world we should do with Hitler when this war is over. In those 20 years, and less, this incredible figure of Mischief has thrown the world into utter grief and chaos.

Now, this question of what to do with Hitler after the war is over, takes for granted one very large if. That is: "If Hitler loses." At present we must probably be spending more time and worry making certain that that IF does not happen.

Before we can hang a thief, we must first catch him. And that goes for Hitler. If we catch him—if we whip him, as we can, if we wake up and fight right—then we surely can hang him. And here is one way to do the dirty job. . . .

Turn Hitler over to the Austrians in Vienna, and publicly try him for the murder of Dollfus. The blood of the poor little Chancellor still sticks to Hitler's hands.

All right, try him for a definite act, and then, when he is legally found guilty, fit his neck to a hemp noose.

GEORGE PUTNAM

OUR main problem after the war will not be the disposal of Hitler. For, after we have vanquished our enemy, the ogre of Europe will probably be no more. He will have been annihilated by the peoples he enslaved. And his fate at their hands will be far more gruesome than any torture we could possibly inflict.

But getting rid of Hitler will not solve the problem completely. Hitler has engendered a number of vile, diabolical concepts. In effect, he is a symbol of despotism. Many of his adherents will still be alive, inflated and maddened by defeat, they may be more venomous than before, more eager to seek revenge. Such men have been so completely seduced by Nazi teachings that nothing less than death will sever them from their beliefs. However, there are others who can be salvaged—people who were helpless under the slave-master's yoke. To those unfortunate we must administer the medicine of Democracy. We must teach them a new way of life. We must give them new

hope and an entirely new set of values. We must make them think once more like human beings.

There is another task ahead, an equally important one. If we are to avert future catastrophes, if we are to vanquish power-mad dictators even before they are born, we must lay bare the history of Hitler and his hordes. We must show, step by step, how those monsters came into power. We must expose the traders who paved the paths for them. We must reveal the perverted brutalities of the Fuehrer's hell-clicking lieutenants, his secret police, and his depraved party leaders.

By doing so, everyone will become completely cognizant of what Fascism means. Its scourge must never slay the civilized world again.

JOHANNES STEEL

THE question of what to do with Hitler after the war will not arise—he will not survive it himself. He will either be killed by one of his followers or commit suicide when the collapse comes.

The real problem is what to do with his followers and the Nazi Party and with the men who have conducted this war for Germany. My suggestion about what to do with them are very simple. Shoot all the members of the Nazi party who held Nazi Party membership books from one to one hundred thousand. Shoot every member of the Gestapo. Shoot every German officer above the rank of Colonel. Try all the Nazi civil officials who helped in the looting of the occupied countries, and if they are found guilty, sentence them to long prison terms of exile in some desolate penal colony.

Once you have done this, you will have removed the obstacle in the way of the political reeducation of the German people, in general, and German youth, in particular.

REX STOUT

SHOOT him, or hang him, or electrocute him. What is the difference? I think the personal fate of Adolf Hitler is highly unimportant.

Of supreme importance is the question: What are we going to do with the 70,000,000 Germans who have accepted Hitler, not only as their political and military leader, but as their God? Certainly they cannot all be shot, or hanged, or electrocuted. But we shall be repeating once more the same old diabolical and disastrous blunder if we assume that the military defeat of the Nazis and the punishment of a few hundred Nazi leaders will persuade all members of the error of their ways and make them decent and democratic members of a world organization.

It was the Nazi head of the Bureau of Education who ordered, in 1934, that this sentence should be prominently displayed on the blackboard of every schoolroom in Germany:

"The Ten Commandments are the deposit of the lowest human instincts." Very many German people, without effective protest, continued to send their children day after day, and year after year, to the schoolrooms where such sentiments were displayed and were drummed into the heads of 20,000,000 of their sons and daughters.

Vindictiveness has nothing to do with it. It is not a question of vengeance; of punishing the Nazis, or making them pay for their crimes against all morality and decency. It is not a moral problem at all; it is a practical problem. The question is: What kind of treatment of the Nazis will convince them, clear to their bones, that they cannot be permitted to function as equal partners with other people in the organization of this world unless, and only if, they understand and accept the ethical doctrine which is the foundation upon which modern civilization has been built?

I do not pretend to be a psychologist, therefore to that question. No one has. But it is vital for us to realize that that is the question, and unless we do realize it, any military victory we might win, no matter how complete and glorious, will be entirely in vain.



The Man Who Couldn't Be Killed!

From the Crime Notebooks of
CLEMENT J. WYIE



4—Just, Berry pushed Lee off the train, then rushed to the rear of the platform and pulled the lever. This time, the trap opened.

Again, the condemned man was placed in position for the plunge. But this time, the trap would not bud. The spectators now hurried to the fatal apparatus. They tried favorably to raise the fatal apparatus. Yet, after five attempts to vindicate his own self, he learned an old fact: the trap would open only when the prisoner was not on it.

"Enough is enough," shouted the warden. "You can have only one more chance, and that's all." Berry took it, and flopped. John Lee had won. The trap was removed from the scaffold.

3 Three muffled shrieks pierced the fog-laden spring night. Two minutes later, Constable S. H. Berry of Camden, England, rushed into the home of Maria Keys, an aged spinster. She lay on the floor—her head a shapeless mass of gray hair, bone, and flesh. At her side stood a blood-stained knife, then fled. Berry pursued the fugitive and dragged him back to the scene of the murder.

There, another constable had already discovered that Miss Keys' bureau had been ransacked, although her cash and jewelry were untouched.

Berry turned to the prisoner, John Lee, Miss Keys' handman, and said: "You started to rob the woman, but she surprised you. So you killed her to prevent her from turning you over to the police."



5 Berry, fearing his reputation had been ruined, blamed the misadventure on rain. "Rampages swelled," he claimed. Later, the trap and kept it from opening. The hangman outside the call of the triumphant Lee, the man swore: "I'll see you in your coffin yet!"

But the Home Secretary interfered. Reluctant Lee had been usually tortured on the gallows, he condemned the sentence to life imprisonment.

During the next decade, Berry was fazed by dispatching by men to liberality without a single slip-up. Lee, too, received recognition.

One day, a dynamite cache exploded in the midst of some inmate workers. Only one person escaped unhurt—John Lee. From then on he was known as "the man who couldn't be killed."

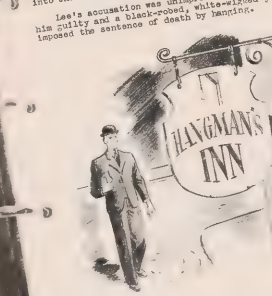


2 "You liar!" shrieked Lee. "I ran away only because I became panicky. I know who did it!"

"Innocent people don't run away," pondered the prosecutor at the trial. Then he placed on the stand an S. Richards, a friend of Miss Keys, who testified: "She told me Lee once robbed her but she gave him another chance."

Lee jumped to his feet. "She caught you, not me, trying to rifle her bureau. Then you killed her. I saw you do it. You ran away just as I came into the house."

Lee's accusation was unimpressive. A jury found him guilty and a black-robed, white-faced judge imposed the sentence of death by hanging.



6 Yet Lee was allergic only to death, not work. With official sanction, he planted flowers on the prison grounds and helped build a new cell block. During his construction, he saved the life of a guard who had been attacked by a crazed convict.

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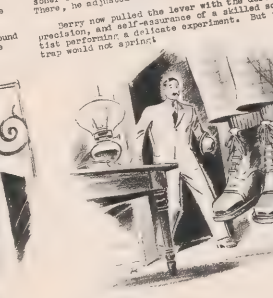
Finally, a friend loaned Lee money to buy a tavern which became known as "Hangman's Inn." There Lee exhibited the rope noose designed for his death between sips of ale, curious patrons gazed at it. One of them was John Berry.



3 On the morning of the execution, James Berry, the first hangman to reduce his work to an art, measured and weighed Lee. Berry figured that a condemned man would die instantaneously if he were dropped a certain number of feet in proportion to his weight. The executioner's book, "The Art of Hanging," a classic, contained charts showing how much rope was to be used for various-weighted people.

After determining the length of Lee's drop, Berry inked the death warrant. Then he pinned the prisoner's arms and legs, and led him to the scaffold. There, he adjusted the noose around Lee's neck.

Berry now pulled the lever with the deftness, precision, and self-assurance of a skilled scientist performing a delicate experiment. But the trap would not spring!



7 However, the visits of the hangman, now retired, suddenly ceased. John Berry had passed away.

The prosperous proprietor of Hangman's Inn attended the funeral, an unfortunate threat singing in his ears: "I'll see you in your coffin, Lee."

A week later, Lee received an anonymous note, bidding him to come to a certain house. Before his there and opened an unwatched door. Before his dangled a man's body, suspended from an expertly knotted noose, below the corpse lay a book—"The Art of Hanging" by John Berry. On top of it was a note which the trembling Lee read:

"It was I, Richards—not John Lee—who murdered Miss Keys on April 27, 1880. My conscience gives me no rest."



**Graceful and Glamorous by Night,
Daring and Dashing by Day,
That's Violetta Weems.**

**Dancing or Stunting,
She is Limber, Lithe, and Lovely—
The Typical American Girl**



(Above) VIOLETTA plunges from the top of a lumber pile into the car. There's tomboy-training in her courage, dance-training in her grace. To land right-side-up and in one piece, Violetta says: "Don't stiffen. Relax!" She's also an expert at Tango, Rhumba, and Conga.

(Left) THE IDEA is Violetta's. She read that Hollywood is losing stunt men to the Army, and she determined to become the original stunt girl. She warms up for her new profession by stepping briskly along the high, narrow bar of a baseball backstop.



TENNESSEE'S GIFT to New York rests on a high rock of the Palisades. Long, slim legs enable her to climb steep, slippery surfaces. Sometimes the toll for cliff-scaling is heavy: scratches, bruises, and occasional duckings. Violetta takes all in her stride.

VIOLETTA IS AT HOME IN THE CLOUDS. ON AN AERIAL ACROBAT'S LADDER, SHE DOES A DARING BACK-BEND, HOLDING ON WITH ONLY ONE HAND AND ONE FOOT

VIOLETTA WEEMS wants a Hollywood break badly enough to risk her neck for it. Another girl with the same ambition might connive for contacts and screen tests. Or she might just sit and dream. Violetta, expecting no miracles, has worked out a plan.


Some time ago, she read that motion picture studios were losing their stunt men to the Army. In Hollywood, of course, stunt performers are as vital as villains. With her customary impulsiveness, Violetta resolved to become a professional daredevil, expert and durable. She believes that if a producer hires her for agility and spunk, he will soon discover that she also (1) can act, (2) can dance, and (3) is photogenic. Stunting, therefore, will be her opening wedge: first to acting, then to stardom.

One must admit that wiser schemes have failed, and wilder ones succeeded. Like most American girls who grow long-limbed and shapely, Violetta was a tomboy as a child. Back home in Dickson, Tennessee—population 5000—the climbingest, bravest kid in town became leader of the Poplar Street boy's gang. To her pals she was a goddess; to her neighbors, an unholy terror.

On Sundays, with her blond curls brushed, Violetta was a proper, pretty girl. On Saturdays and holidays, she was grumpy and fearless, spurring the gang on to fresh deviltries. They swiped lumber to build a hideaway hut in the woods. They dug up mean Mr. Jones' back lot, looking for treasure. And they secretly took over a deserted house, providing it with "ha'nts" which frightened the whole neighborhood.

Violetta's father was a lawyer; her mother a teacher. The parents waited patiently for their daughter to settle down like any other nice girl in Dickson. But when Violetta stopped "playing Tarzan through the trees," she began to study dancing. Then she decided to come to New York. Mr. Weems said no; Mrs. Weems said no. Miss Weems came to New York.

That was a year ago. Since that time Violetta has been a hat-check girl and a goveness. She has acted at the Greenbush Summer Theater in Nyack, New York. She has danced at the Roxy Theatre and Leon and Eddie's night club. Evenings now, Violetta appears with the chorus at the Havana Madrid. Daytimes, she keeps in practice for her novel, though hazardous profession.



THE STUNT GIRL jumps from a second-story window to the pavement below—landing as lightly as a cat. When this photograph was taken, a 4-alarm fire was raging two blocks away. Its lurid glow silhouetted Violetta's figure. The blaze, which demolished several warehouses, attracted hundreds of people. But as Violetta leaped, most of them stared at her instead of the fire.



SHE CAPERS on the edge of a roof. The building is six stories high, and it's a dizzy distance to the ground. Violetta hopes that a studio, hiring her for stunt shots, will discover her dramatic talent.

THE CLASSIC LEAP from baggage car to baggage car. Are motion picture fans to be denied such thrilling hair-raisers because stunt men are now scarce? Not while Violetta lives—and leaps—so nicely.



ANY BOY will tell you how hard it is to get a foothold in the slippery, wire mesh of a baseball backstop. But this fearless bit of femininity takes a long breath and scales it in nothing flat.

SHE SCRAMBLES over the top of the Palisades. The Hudson River is 1000 feet beneath her. The cars look like tiny dots; the trees like up-ended hairbrushes. But Violetta hasn't the time to admire the view.



Seeds State Struggles

America fights the Axis, but the 48 States fight each other. By maintaining trade and transportation barriers, they tangle the war effort, prolong the struggle, and postpone Victory

By the Hon. EMANUEL CELLER, Congressman from New York

THE purple row is a joke—which is a lucky thing for everybody. But pink milk, until recently, was no joke in Rhode Island. A Rhode Islander could not use milk from outside the state—unless it was tinted pink!

In Iowa, a truck loaded with melons for a Missouri Army camp was delayed several hours. Why? It lacked three green lights required by law. The driver obtained the lights, and proceeded. In Missouri he was stopped again. Why? Three green lights are illegal there.

In some New England states, eggs from over the border cannot be sold unless they have "non-tremulous air cells." Since no one seems to know what these are, their presence cannot be proved in out-of-state eggs. Yet laws magically bewitch such eggs upon the products of local chickens.

Literally thousands of similar trade and transportation statutes stand between the states. They may be comic, but today they are also alarming. Though benevolent in peacetime, the legal barriers are disastrous during a war. They keep prices up and consumption down. They decrease jobs and thereby reduce the standard of living.

We can't "keep 'em rolling" if our war effort stalls at state borderlines. We can't fight a total war against the Axis if each state fights of others.

"Divide and conquer" is Hitler's formula for success. By countervailing interstate barriers, we obligingly do the dividing for him. The situation must give Mr. Schockelgruber great satisfaction.

According to the Federal Constitution, a state may not refuse to admit the goods of other states. But law-makers find devious ways to evade the restriction—with taxes and regulations which are usually effective enough about it.

In Michigan, wine from home-grown grapes is taxed at four cents a gallon. But wine from California grapes the levy is 30 cents.



In Georgia, an egg can be marked "fresh" unless laid by a Georgia hen.

Many such trade barriers were set up during the Depression. They were a result of local pressure, meant to serve local interests. Influential groups lobbied in the state capital for legislation which would cut outside competition to a minimum. In most cases, they got the statute they wanted—and then found it had disadvantages.

Discrimination in one place meant retaliation in another. Tax was raised against tax, until free trade within the United States became a painful farce.

Florida barred California oranges by pretending that the rival state's fruit was still contaminated by a long-vanished pest. California "got even" by clamping down on Florida oranges and lemons. The law-makers? A citrus crazer who did not exist.

In 21 states, the poor man's butter, oleomargarine, is taxed practically out of use—thanks to the lobbying of powerful dairymen.

The product derived from cotton seed is rich in the fats and oil essential to

health. Health is a war weapon. Yet, thousands of low-income families are denied oleomargarine. Thus, millions of Americans suffer, and cotton growers are forced to throw the seed away.

All this is inexcusable for no one profits from these but the manufacturers. In any case, people who cannot afford to buy the highly taxed oleomargarine certainly are in no position to purchase better.

By the majority of the law, residents of the District of Columbia—bachelors and congressmen included—are "protected" from milk which does not come from cows wiped clean, test by test, with a hermetized linen towel of certain dimensions. That's not all. The towel must be used by a man sitting on a three-legged stool in a barn with a smooth ceiling!

Does such voodoo make the milk purer or more nourishing? Of course not! But it assures certain daydreams of a rich monopoly. Inspectors from the capital do not travel further afield than the Maryland and Virginia milksheds. Thus they cannot pass on the "legality" of trucks and stools and ceilings in other states. So only farmers of Virginia and Maryland enjoy the high prices forced by the law of Columbia by bureaucracy and hemstitching.

Unfortunately, the sheer silliness of such a statute does not cancel the gravity of its effect. Most businessmen now assume that the barriers still stand. And Army officials also plead that lack of cooperation between states is a vast help to Hitler!

According to L. A. Gen. Brehon B. Somerville, "These laws act as brakes to all-out production. They create confusion, increase costs, cause duplication of effort—and postpone the war."

The highways of several states, built with the aid of Federal funds, are of equal strength. Their construction was based on identical plans and standards

approved by the United States Bureau of Public Roads.

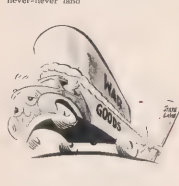
But, according to state law, Kentucky highways are delicate strips of erasable cinders. They can only bear a truckload of 18,000 pounds—a ridiculous limit, compared to Rhode Island's 120,000. However, the imaginary difference in the capacity of the state's highways is lucrative. For Kentucky demands a tax per axle for pondage over 18,000 lb. by some mysterious chemistry, money makes the road stronger.

Recently, a truck full of materials for a Southern Army camp crunched into Kentucky and started down the highway. The whine of a police siren halted it. The driver protested that his load was consigned to an Army quartermaster in Atlanta.

This was the Kentucky officer's answer: "We don't give a damn if you've got Uncle Sam himself in that truck! If it's overweight—you pay." The load was found to be 1000 pounds over the maximum. The tax—\$2.50. The delay—three hours. The benefit? Hitler's.

In another case, a truck loaded with lubricating oil, headed for Baltimore, where it was to be loaded on a ship carrying war materials to our Allies. The truck was held up a half a day in Wilmington, for violating a regulation peculiar to Delaware. The ship sailed without the oil.

To make a single trip from Alabama to South Carolina, via Georgia, a truck driver is liable to fees of \$1,150. Who pays? The consumer—in the added cost of whatever must pass through that never-never land.



At Medford, Oregon, trucks from California must be stopped and their loads shared with other trucks so as to comply with Oregon's lower load limit. Meanwhile, aluminum mines in Oregon are forbidden to attend it!

In Illinois, restrictive regulations of load and departments were labored on as to comply with Oregon's lower load limit. Meanwhile, aluminum mines in Oregon are forbidden to attend it!

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Shipments of precious gasoline, cloth for uniforms and medical supplies are impeded. Machine tools and gun munitions—desperately needed to win the war—delay the conditions to wait for "legal" transportation. The wait sometimes extends to weeks. And every minute of delay strengthens our enemies. President Roosevelt has given the Office of Defense Transportation power to set policies for control of wartime transportation. Joseph B. Eastman, head of ODT, has appealed to state governments to set aside constricting regulations.

Some quarters have responded, but to date progress has been slow—for too slow to worry or dismay the Axis. Unless we knock down the barriers, the American Army may soon echo the Allies' tragic cry: "Too little—too late."

What is this country? The United States, or the Balkans? An American citizen, traveling in his native land, must obtain the equivalent of a passport in order to enter 13 of our states!

Kansas has 61 ports of entry, where trucks are stopped, weighed, measured, and taxed. Nebraska has 21 such stations, New Mexico 22, California 14.

Border vigilance in Europe is due to a heritage of apical suspicions and hates. In America, it is offensive and contradictory the national spirit. Furthermore, it multiplies common sense.

The war has produced a shortage of industry and farm labor. But the laws of many states hinder the entrance of migratory workers essential to victory. Crops stand rotting in the fields, factories idle, and the nation daydreams.

In some regions of the United States there is an overabundance of the medically trained. Yet doctors, dentists, and nurses—licensed in one state—are not permitted to practice in several others, even though the lack of their services may jeopardize public health.

The law of Columbia by itself has some justification for regulating certain professions—even though professional standards are becoming standardized throughout the nation. But in war, when the armed forces enlist a high percentage of our medical personnel, the restrictions are a hardship to civilians left at home.

Are Western teens to ache for lack of an Eastern dentist? Must a Southern appendix hurtle to the North to be in fortune to attend it?

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—a supposition in no way unreasonable. Then multiply 282 by 48. The product is 13,536 pounds.

Uncle Sam—with a war to win—struggles under an ax and a half ton of paralyzing dead weight!



I repeat—business knows that time is lost and profits cut by interstate barriers. Army men recognize them as an actual menace to our country. Only the people do not yet realize that they are hurt of peace and endangered in war by the barriers.

Hitler and his satellites don't say "Please!" They say "You must!" They love to tell the halting masses the Democracy's machinery is faulty.

We know the dictators are wrong. We must prove it. Let's make Democracy work! We can—by demanding that states clear the path for national cooperation.

During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln took unto himself powers which were never declared unconstitutional. But, by his action the Union was preserved.

If the states do not alter their statutes, books without delay, let the President as Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces wipe out a major threat to the welfare of our country. When peace returns, the Supreme Court may restore these barriers if it wishes. But meanwhile, Federal action will have removed the total effort necessary to win a total war against Fascism.

In my opinion, the President's war powers are coextensive with the nation's peril.

United we stand. Divided we buckle. And defeat comes. The United States challenges the American system of government, the states must fight for victory with a single purpose—together!

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"BUST OF A WOMAN," BY WILHELM LEHMBRUCH
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

*Fall Hats
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"TWILIGHT" is the designer's name for this semi-sport hat of soft, smoky gray. Ribbon, veiling, and feather are deep red. Florell's credo is "Minimum hats for maximum chic."

"THE PROPORTION OF A HAT'S BRIM CAN CHANGE ONE'S APPEARANCE AS MUCH AS A FACIAL OPERATION!"—WALTER FLORELL



FLORELL, FORMERLY OF PARIS, MAESTRO OF MILLINERY

THERE are no bad 'hat faces,'" Walter Florell maintains. "There are only bad hats."

The former Parisian designer, who moved his salon to New York in 1938, is famous for his dramatic, imaginative creations.

His customers include debutantes, the distaff side of many major corporations, and leading ladies of Broadway and Hollywood. Mrs. Errol Flynn—Lily Damita—once rapturously purchased 21 of Florell's models. Next day she contritely cut the order, in the interest of economy. She returned four hats.

Joan Crawford loves towering hats, but hesitated to wear one to the opera. "It will keep people from seeing the stage," she remarked.

When Florell pooh-poohed the idea, Miss Crawford selected a model with a massive crown. The next night, during a performance of *Aida*, no one asked her to remove the hat.

Floreil was not the least bit surprised. He had purchased the three seats behind her.

Florell is not without his severer side. Not long ago a society matron rushed into his gleaming white salon, demanding something "different"—within the next 20 minutes. With a few deft motions, the designer fashioned a piece of ribbon into a spirited headgear.

The price, \$24.50, was moderate for a Florell model. But the customer protested. So little material had been used, she insisted. It seemed exorbitant—

Florell plucked the "hat" from the lady's curls. With a quick flick of his wrist, he transformed it into a few yards of grograin. "The ribbon, Madame, is free!" said Florell, offering it with a deep bow from the waist.



"BAL MUSETTE": Pompoms of pink ostrich feathers, dipped in jet, combine with black velvet bows and a clinging veil. Extremely formal, this confection is to be worn only after dark.

"TOO TOO" (Divine) is Fiorelli's use of mink with salmon-pink satin. Gold-studded, fur earrings complement the peek-a-boo trim.

"HAIR SPLITTER" is a trim model of plum felt. It makes distinctive use of cascading pheasant feathers that are daring, but flattering.



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"STANDING WOMAN," BY HENRI MATISSE, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"FIT TO BE TIED": a pea-green Breton with miniature crown and up-rolled brim. Lilac and magenta ribbons, twisted together in front, provide exciting contrast—and, of course, the title.

"CORRESPONDENT" is a flirtatious, over-the-eye model in exotically combined fall colors. A fountain of brightly speckled pheasant feathers spring from a bed of huge, purple velvet pansies.



"PORTRAIT OF GÁLA," BY SALVADOR DALI, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

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ALL WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED
FOR THE DURATION — BUT DON'T WORRY —

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from right to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U.S.A. ... Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to you on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive, just deposit the coupon in the front of the Weather House for delivery. Within 10 days, we have perfectly predicted the weather in advance, then if you don't like it, we'll refund your money. If you don't like it, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, isn't it? Such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Contains all the parts and instructions you need. We'll send you the coupon to you complete and ready to use. The price is only \$14.95 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

THE WEATHER MAN, Dept. P.S.,
430 N. WICHITA AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$14.95 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$14.95. Pay Postage.

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room planted to the window sill. This leaf grows a plant at every touch. The small plants may be decorated and pulled if desired. When planted in earth, it will grow two feet tall and become leafy. The leaves may be cut and they will hold their shape for years. It is being studied by some of our leading botanists and is said to have high magical powers.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now shake me to find out what the weather is for the day. I'm certainly think the Weather House is a great thing."
Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Ohio
"Please send it more Weather House. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."
Mrs. J. F. Smith Bay, Maine

"I saw some Weather House in a friend's home and the way they were used. I'm sure I'll order one."
Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Ohio
"I've since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my office and home life."
Mr. D. B. Stenhouse, Iowa